

Know ye Copied

vision contains when
when you no longer can

obtain their clean way. Clear
as heartbreak: they live forever.

Earth Chalice

›Po›@ ›Phold us,dark›@
TCPHKCHRS›P cupped,dusk›@
›P rimmed. ›@

›P Spin us free›@
›P when we have drunk›@ ›Pthis ›@
›Pshimmering›@.
›P ›@
TCPHKCHRS
TCPHKCHRSE

Round

What is round is not a river yet
the sun is pouring forth
its rivers of light

and round the sun light-
rivers course and heat
itself is round

it's found
all's round,
each line.

TCPHKCHRS
TCPH<CHRS

The Friend

Whither thou,ghost?

I will go with thee

along the sailing sheets
of newsprint,the cold leaves,

all dull sounds
with their edges

curled,threatening
to rasp

me well within that inch
you've passed.

TCPHKCHRS

Note of Caution

The molecular conspiracy of ice
sealed the pavements away,making us
free with ourselves.

Keaton, Chaplin you name it

we split and fell.
Beside us the massive cars huffed
and were flung

like so much straw. Getting up
was more comedy
to other citizens,smiles
sliding by. At Yale once

I saw a guy go from six to twelve-thirty--
the thirty being the sidewalk
in front of George and Harry's.
mirroring the top of his head.

I did. Well,Physics proves me wrong I know--
you can't go thattaway completely
upside down with that little push--
but they ambulanced him from us
shorter.

So what? Just that It's out there,Honey,
one slick way or another.

TCPHFCHRSú

Citizen of Earth (copied)

How say what has been?
One must shape a history
imagined by others. Thus see

our past,all our pasts of dreams
becoming

a part of everyone
in everything
as dust.

Use

What has fallen?
Most obviously along
the wet floor,trees,

In our walk,your words
dessicating mid-syllable,

what once was labeled
a far-away look,something
 is being done with a tree.

Running to Light

the river and the snow
are taken by their shadows

becoming darkness
with a sound

searching light:
finding the moon
it thrashes it to ribbons.

Rewound at an eddy then
revolving whole and
cold.

TCPHKCHRSN

Crazy In Matrimony
TCPHKCHRS

TCPHKCHRS+ "My husband thinks I'm certifiably mad even after
all these years" and I helped her
into the yellow Fiesta in the rain
as she swung in her leg and cane

good,I thought going to the rally,
a spouse needs something to be nuts
for and that aint much
inside the middle class morality

vise,and be nuts to the grave
rather than in this talking age
discuss MARRIAGE
and its demented twin,RELATIONSHIP

HOLY SHIT
so like watching a toenail grow
in and in and in.

TCPHKCHRS

TCPHKCHRS

Portrait

What's left after the shock
wave passes?
You're warned to go outside

the best defense
being the least if

nothing except the
sky is left.

You wait still
but that's you, right?
And whatever the weather.

TCPHKCHRS

TCPHKCHRS

The Terrorist

I
wait as
have others.

You
strike
at your wish

or may not
I know

your demands
and have al-
ways.

TCPHKCHRS%

TCPHKCHRS

The Folktale

Guy waits for whore'n
gets his daughter:
as if supremest irony.

God stops his cosmic shit
'cause proctologists get piles?

TCPHKCHRSÿ

The Fact

The years have been a fiction
and each year
and minute past.

Live for today? It
is already

too late: as is the second you took in

too late. A frame
may well impend.

Only the instant of flame
is flame.

TCPHFCHRS

Of Degree copied

it is minute
a toot,

a sin
lasting a minute,

a ruse
you lose--

and so close you
close it.

TCPHKCHRSL

TCPHxCHRS— Mistaking Hats

Huge crows splotch
a sordid sky.
The dirty gun-metal light flat-

tens itself and its subjects
to a darkling plane.

Take that to space
where the crows round
and point to become hats

of witches and truth
is slang so many thousands strong,

such "hats" being mock
nose cones (among the few
genuine wallbangers) heading our
clever-little-boy-and-girl way

to trick in rushing, soundless, livid, plural madness
our portentiously defensive missiles.

O say can you see
(cuz I can't)

my blowing up?

TCPH<CHRS

TCPHFCHRS
TCPH
P
CHRS

TCPHPCHRS→

The Statesman

The continuous incendiary threat
to the planet and the precinct

gained respite in the flood

of drinks and talk + the coincident-
al fall into>P Ms>@ Benerdetti,cueing
trouble-and-strife's huffiest

exit. Later at the nonperformance >PMs>@
Benerdetti had to say, he supposed,
>P You Men of Power are all the same.>@

TCPH<CHRS My Brother,he's

the kind cries
at funerals

of vague Hibernian
homosexuals
and afterwards

we drink to
sharpen up

an Irish-American prayer:
spare not ourselves,not
especially the rotting queer,
nor yet any race anywhere.

TCPHFCHRS

TCPHPCHRS

TCPHPCHRS

TCPHPCHRS

TCPHACHRSÔ

Moscow and New York

2-edged
the guess
when you know

the wide
prophecy of liars
always playing along

the innner cut of dread.
At the ironist's wake only
dry eyes.

TCPHPCHRS

TCPHPCHRS

TCPH
P
CHRS

The Stray

An old dog, bone in mouth,
scrounges up some sun:

an embarrassment of riches summarizes
this swamp of carnage.
Captains and their Kings have long departed.

These scattered bones were knitted up with names,
ordinary names. Now they're called noble, patriot, sacrifice.

And the living are taunted with the possibility
of forgetting till they're blue in the head and gone
in the teeth, and everywhere else.

TCPHPCHRS7

Daymist

TCPHFCHRS

TCPHFCHRS+ Night had flattened us
and our scenes.

TCPHFCHRS«

At the rising
shape of river we

drift round

as trees.

TCPHPCHRS

TCPHFCHRS
TCPHKCHRSÇ

Bursting

At the library display
brown ink, browner-splotched page
asking for a pedlar's license:
"gun bursted" and he could thus
no longer farm, the one arm hanging useless.

Rushing! farm wife and her kids, she the point of V
towards the lurch and buzz and rattle of his coming
down their lane. Oh she at any rate would know

the meaning of the stoutest pot he sold
and yet this slightest fabric for a dress would float
to her the more she ran ahead of paddlers

through that brilliant dust,
their muffled, fussy cries.
Those crazed from life should sell to us.

TCPHFCHRS‡

Calling It a Day

The Surrender to the Fools was effected
with minimum pomp--to their sheerest
miff for they had arrived
in fool regalia: gowns and suits
and hoods and badges, bright
chains of office. Instead

their capitulators gave wry,
exhausted speeches...out of order, off in pace
but the snapped-back fools smiled grandly through

them all, surrounding each
whistling irony and wish-
ing everybody all the best
elsewhere, knowing there's no such place.

Human Potential
TCPH<CHRSV

We want the language
as a friend

who'll tell a gentle joke.
TCPHCCHRS, We'll always go out for coffee forgetting
TCPH<CHRS to eye the gauges:

TCPHECHRS- The leaders must hold this engraved.
TCPH<CHRSp Well,our own friend's actual head
is gone. Anybody can't hear
jokes is quite exact.

TCPHFCHRSà

Clothesline Visitation

She releases
sheets to wind.

They snap
brilliances

rowing the swollen green
earth at
Him,a nave

radiating blacks a-
gainst blinding,
bellying waves.

TCPHPCHRSÛ

Against the Deck

she was thin in ways
ay she was as thin
in places

aces were wider,
snide reluctant queens and fat
jacks held their spots;

lots of pain
rained on hands
and has.

TCPHFCHRS

TCPHPCHRS

TCPHFCHRS.

Where

the curve flows
to become

everywhere

people walk
in fields
amid the flaring

stones and grasses,
the trees
described by birds,

and each is what
touches.

TCPHXCHRS
TCPHPCHRS"

TCPHPCHRS
TCPHPCHRS
TCPHPCHRS
TCPHPCHRS9

You,

Corona River

another.

Centuries:
which is?

TCPH
P
CHRS¹

Beer and Sandwich On the Road

I'M THE GREATEST POLACK EVER INVENTED WHAT'RE YOU?
American. HUH! YOU AINT NO FUCKIN IND-IAN!
Then Irish extraction I'll have to say. YOU'LL HAVE TO SAY
SHIT! DON'T USE NO 50-CENT WORDS ON ME!
IRISH: SHIT IN BED AND KICK IT OUT SO
DON'T GIVE ME NO POLACK JOKES NEITHER I HEARD EM ALL
AND I DON'T TAKE EM SERIOUS--NOT STUPID ENOUGH.

TCPHFCHRS+

TCPHFCHRS

TCPHKCHRSú

The Grove

Those leaning pines with sparse and floating branches,
the sea behind thinned here and there by light:
A Japanese print before I'd seen one.

Does the scene exist before the artist makes it so?
He makes another and he makes it too.

As I do once again listening to music.

I don't think such nonsense at 20 at that sea-brushed
Imperial Navy Hotel as then the giggling maids clean up
after Americans. I know they giggle more at us
than they ever did at them, the cultural differences--
the way we laugh at signs like NOT TO BE SAFETY OF SWIMM.

I can't put Galway out of that young place
woven like the fragrances from sand and pine
through notes running from my record here, his
flute clean-cut along the trees and sea and funny signs.

Weaving in and out of time.
Folk melodies from turn-of-century Japan he plays
and I sense that scattered grove a century before
hotels and such, a farmer hums a tune from his own life
and that is history.

The wind in from the sea is not benign.

But one day it is again and the painter
sets his easel up. He has had his coffee
and needs nothing

more today than the trying to make art
the way and not the way the wind is music
the way and not the way the light informs.

Whatever we find out there is there for us and despite us
and despite the heartbreak years.

Tell the composer at Auschwitz, the dancer at Hiroshima,
all your fine ideas.

TCPH
P
CHRS‡

Bursted

At the library display
brown ink, browner-splotched page
asking for a pedlar's license:
"gun bursted" and he could thus
no longer farm, the one arm hanging useless.

Rushing! farm wife and her kids, she the point of V
towards the lurch and buzz and rattle of his coming
down their lane. Oh she at any rate would know

the sure, long meaning of the stoutest pot he sold
and yet this slightest fabric for a dress would float
to her the more she ran ahead of paddlers

through that brilliant dust,
their muffled, fussy cries.
Those crazed from life should sell to us.

TCPHFCHRS)

At Sounion

of a woven morning over stone
I bump camera then smock.
We share a mist

wherein I must refuse, not
wanting dreamy photographs: my-
self against nothing. Stavros, he

of yellow smock, is ticked at me,
it rises as a litany

to his imagined sun.
I jab along the slippery rocks
for cooler idioms,

finally to divine
lovers (Byron's one)
who have scratched their hearts to ruins.

Spooners weave through our academies
shunning all our moves to set

their dreaming steps to music
more appropriate.

Or so I later feel with ›Pouzo›@
in the shivering cafe
before sun fairly rockets through

and temple can assert in flame,
informing wave on wave of rain
the wisdom of arrangement past
this opalescent glass.

TCPHFCHRSA

Visions of the Yale Library

where a sari insinuates
scholars,in hunches,eyes
above blond glasses

diving then to proof
as she is by
and by

the checker,dour enthroned:
both subsumed
as the doorway widens to
mercury noon.

At lunch she'll laugh away
a junior's suave ennui
at George and Harry's,

nod on cue,
wringing teabag a-
gainst spoon.

His Despair slouching towards
Elegance,she stares
past...outside,bright cars contend...

and past that old penultimately
randy inference,
thence right to breathing tea

wherein a somebody
unfocusses his gravest
evidence in time

to glimpse along a scintillant,
inner eye a spiritual dress.

Izmir Dusk

We are of a darkening
gold our clothes edged
TCPHFCHRS\$ indigo. Such fire

in air afloat

TCPHFCHRSx towards sky and bay,

 where ferry hoves
 to sable foam,a toy,its lights
pinpoint our eyes.

TCPHFCHRSG

Borrowing at McDonalds
TCPHPCHRS□
Hey there's a crazy guy out there
so let's get going huh? thus whispers
anyway polyblonde to bluehair,

then the hissed, huffed
imprecations whirlingly
approach,all but trapped
in tangled hair and parka:

does God intend all nuts
to come to me?

A head balloon-immense a-
gainst signs with immaculate conceptions
of food flowing from the room,
florescent-gold,he left.

>PWhat's the matter?>@
(1st to ever ask am I?)
Just need lousy nickel!
>PHere!>@

Thanks! Wideeyed still at miracles
among plastic hygiene

he'll get his pastel shake
Big Mac and fries,
sit at his personal table and so
slowly eat and think and drink,

wishing up a little island
full of geese and stars with all
the natives smiling blurry nickels

threaded by a French Fry
threaded by a French Fry
threaded by a French Fry
Train.

TCPHxCHRS

TCPHFCHRS
TCPHFCHRSø

To a Young Writer

you end it
bitterly i say
so what?

you shouldn't
please it's
a disservice

you'd answer for
someday even though
the ones who do
don't pay,yet

that's your burden,you,
and the favor God has done.

TCPH<CHRSV

After Beethoven's ›PRage Over a Lost Penny›@
TCPH<CHRS

You can screw your
TCPH<CHRSCchild-self down much later
TCPH<CHRS~

But grasping loss
At any rate
Is big potatoes.

As is loving rage

Itself
As you.

TCPHPCHRS!

TCPH<CHRS

TCPH;CHRS Fair Meeting

TCPHFCHRSö

On parched Serengetti Plain
or rowed beneath your sink they're blind
sided. No rocked beast nor cock-

roach in a lair,you,but one who'll al-
so flare the awful intersect in time:

Indifference paid in kind.

TCPH<CHRS

TCPHFCHRS/

TCPH9CHRSR

Shhhh

the shy experience daily pain
those moments so benign to others
are really Being
forced to Crisis

and even knowing that this too shall pass
they do eventually wear thin,
then breathe a bit
before they breathe their last
›P Amen›@

TCPH2CHRS>

Corona River
TCPH2CHRS%
You a-
nother.

Centuries:
which?
TCPH9CHRS
TCPHFCHRS)

TCPHKCHRS\$

mystery

TCPHFCHRS

rain crossed a bridge in
darkness after a man
then a woman

it slashed the birches their whites
like overlapping memories,

waved back,
black,encountering mass-

ive form

in a straw cape

TCPH<CHRSa

A Sentence Over Bud--Gunnison,Colorado

TCPH=CHRSiso the bull had a two-legged run at the end well that hardly turns me on look at you you can hardly walk let alone run bent over like question mark and you got no money that's for sure oh you were something ten fifteen years ago yup and that story wouldn't done nothing to any waitress then neither well come on home with me and join all the other cripples
TCPH9CHRS/

TCPHFCHRS,,LITTLE JC IN A PROSPECT OF ASSHOLES

Luke told me
what you said,
how you softballed
little stories so

the playball Doctors of Laws
could forget
kissing ass a second
to grasp things or just pretend.

I say forget it. We both know
they'll shun or get you some-
how that's
their erudition

now, fulsome
flowered.

TCPHFCHRS'

TCPH
F
CHRS

Mineral Baths--Bursa, Turkey

Steam lifts to the rotunda,its
running arabesques round windows thick and old,
aswarm with aurioles.

Down here the men soon draw
apart,spurning visionary air for
modesty. The wives
within their separate rooms

play fast and loose
with luminosity,

stream in flesh
inseparable
from light.

Paradise may be a place
we never know

where things leave off.
I know a moment swims in

sight,those misted baths in Bursa
where Woman flows
as light.

TCPHFCHRS
TCPHxCHRS
TCPHFCHRS;

At The Elevation
TCPHXCHRS+
of the Host St Mary's
paint smell mixed
with cloying

cold cream + HEAT
pipes HAMMERED

you out of drifted sleep CLAMMY
and there IT is BAD BOY and
growing

on 12! oh my GOD
and what NOW?

TCPHFCHRSÒ

Flamenco Song

It is wife, the dog, she translates.

Now that's a bit strong that is.

He biting her, how you say? Part?

Ass.

No! is...tongue.

I love it it's poetic
justice.

Stuff.

He...after, run. How-you-say?...catch this
dog, husband do...push in dog mouth like this.

With the biscuit, stuff, many,
very delicious...cookie, you say American.

Hey now that is great>P, 'lil COOOO!-kee>@
>Pmine, >@proverbial frosting
on the proverbial cake!

Huh! You like. Like! Bastard! I
Just joke is all. Why you no laugh? am wife.

So? I can pause two beats for drama too.

I
am husband! So what?

>PYou don't tell me nothing you I know you!>@
TCPHFCHRS

TCPHFCHRS

TCPHFCHRS
TCPH7CHRS

Moscow and New York
TCPHACHRS2

2-edged

the guess

when you know

TCPHACHRS- the wide prophecy of
liars playing a-
TCPHACHRS
TCPHACHRS long the inner cut
TCPHACHRS< of dread.

At the ironist's wake only
dry eyes.

TCPH
F
CHRS

TCPH<CHRS×

It
portended

then arrived,

soon or late
depends

on what can

be

by whom,
define,

concur,
and wink

delay:
nothing being

insurance.

TCPH

F

CHRS+

TCPHKCHRS,

Defining Hope

Let your veins drink where
other veins were let.

Kneel on stones from whence
blood was almost scoured.

(All acts following this
as useless.)

Nearby,a petal down a stream...petals,

showers

of petals to
a stream,a
stream of

TCPH
F
CHRS

petals.

TCPHxCHRS
TCPHxCHRS
TCPH7CHRS

To a Young Poet

you end it somewhat
bitterly i say
so what

you shouldn't
please it's
a disservice

you'd answer for someday
even though the ones who do don't

pay,so that's your
burden,you,
and the favor God has done.

TCPHFCHRS(

›PThree Shortstops›@
TCPHxCHRS

Feat

TCPH<CHRS&you've gotten the intellectual shove:
TCPHxCHRS
reasons for everything and no love.

Corona River

You a-
nother.

Centuries:
which?

The Necessity of Sleaze in Language

I looked up her dress

in the Sears' catalog

TCPH
F
CHRS

TCPHKCHRS

Bursted

TCPH

P

CHRS_

At the library display
brown ink, browner-splotched page
asking for a pedlar's license:
"gun bursted" and he could thus
no longer farm, the one arm hanging useless.

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the meaning of the stoutest pot he sold
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through that brilliant dust,
their muffled, fussy cries.
Those crazed from life should sell to us.

TCPHFCHRS

At Sounion

of a morning woven across stone
I bump camera then smock.
We share a mist

wherein I must refuse, not
wanting dreamy photographs: my-
self and nothing. Stavros,

he of yellow smock, is ticked,
it rises as a litany

to an imagined sun.

I jab along the slippery rocks
for cooler idioms,

finally to divine
lovers (Byron's one)
who have scratched their hearts to ruins.

Spooners weave through our academies
shunning all the moves to set

their dreaming steps to music
more appropriate.

Or so I later feel with ouzo
at the shivering cafe
before sun fairly rockets through

and temple can assert in flame,
informing wave on wave of rain
the wisdom of arrangement past
this opalescent glass.

TCPHFCHRSà

where a sari insinuates
scholars,in hunches,eyes
above blond glasses

diving then to proof
as she is by
and by

the checker,dour enthroned:
both subsumed
as the doorway widens to
mercury noon.

At lunch she'll laugh away
a junior's suave ennui
at George and Harry's,

nod on cue,
wring teabag a-
gainst spoon.

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stares past...outside
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to glimpse along
a scintillant,inner eye
a spiritual dress.

TCPH
F

CHRS

The Grove

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the sea behind thinned here and there by light:
A Japanese print before I'd seen one.

Does the scene exist before the artist makes it so?
He makes another and he makes it too.
As I do once again listening to music.

I don't think such nonsense at 20 at that sea-brushed
Imperial Navy Hotel as then the giggling maids clean up
after Americans. I know they giggle more at us
than they ever did at them, the cultural differences--
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woven like the fragrances off sand and pine
through notes running from my record here, his
flute clean-cut along the trees and sea and funny signs.

Weaving in and out of time.

Folk melodies from turn-of-century Japan he plays
and I sense that scattered grove a century before
hotels and such, a farmer hums a tune from his own life
and that is history.

The wind in from the sea is not benign.

But one day it is again and the painter

sets his easel up. He has had his coffee
and needs nothing

more today than the trying to make art
the way and not the way the wind is music
the way and not the way the light informs.

Whatever we find out there is there for us and despite us
and despite the heartbreak years.

Tell the composer at Auschwitz,the dancer at Hiroshima,
all your fine ideas.

TCPHFCHRS\

Dusk, Izmir

and we are of a darkening
gold our clothing in-
TCPHFCHRS0 digo. Such a fire in

sky and bay afloat
TCPHFCHRSa where ferry hoves
to sable,

a toy,its lights
pinpoint our eyes.

TCPHFCHRSO

At The Elevation

TCPHXCHRS+

of the Host St Mary's

paint smell mixed

with cloying

cold cream + HEAT

pipes HAMMERED

you out of drifted sleep CLAMMY

and there IT is BAD BOY and

growing

on 12! oh my GOD

and what NOW?

TCPHFCHRS

TCPHFCHRSî

Clothesline Visitation

She releases
sheets to wind.

They snap
brilliances

rowing the swollen green-
blue earth to sudden Him,
a nave

radiating blacks a-
gainst hot, belly-
ing waves.

TCPHFCHRSÞ

Stream

our part
in stopping
forever

fails,i place
the boat mid-

spring past
a wave
of light

blossoms
by your glistening

wrist always
TCPHFCHRS desire
TCPHFCHRS*

trails it back the mind
listening,
listening

In Our Cold Stars

An old car waits
in the terrific sun.

We turn away
a moment
to adjust

our shapeless clothes
and stand
for it, the
camera,

dreaming and haste
in our mouths.

We want no part of it now, this ferocity
of self. We have terror in our mouths.

The wind blows stinging grit.
Where is it from?
We must find out.

It is not history.
It is not photographs.

TCPH
F
CHRS

TCPHACHRS

TCPH7CHRS

Voyaging
TCPH<CHRS

My son's gift to me,
TCPH7CHRSa picture of his boat
TCPH<CHRSstarting to go at the sea,
at the sky all blood-

orange,this bristling glow
that pulls my breathing out with it
as water rolls

the boat beyond the slip,
to leave me every instant

further from his sight,
a blurring wave inside
the swarming light.

TCPH7CHRSB

Directing the Scene

TCPH=CHRS%This night river breaks the grasses.
TCPH7CHRS{ I touch air enough to hear
children in the fragrances,

in the river-wind
woods voicing seige,
TCPHACHRS- their toy commands fire against the trees.
TCPH7CHRSx
The children become a music.
The river is a darker music.

I thrust my hands in it
it presses

everything together.
TCPH<CHRS

TCPH7CHRS
TCPHACHRSL

New England Coastal Graveyard
TCPHACHRS¹/₄

The frugal spaces
as if these Yankees embraced
the dirt down un-

to them. Above,

salt-scoured markers rippling in
smoke from McDONALDS, & ISUZU.

(We must seem to ripple too
inside the supermarket's window.)

A stone shakes at the end
of vision.

The girl scans barcodes
on our frozen food.

OFF THE COAST OF BRAZIL
we had browsed earlier.

>P Where water is the jungle,>@
>P bronze and green,shrieking>@
>P birds of teal-streaked apricot>@

>Pthrong massive heat, drop hushed in >@
>P ribbons past the dripping palms,>@
>P through swollen calm, >@

>P thence shadowing a dusk->@
>P smoked wave which slides >@
>Pas an amorist's shoulder. >@
>P >@

TCPHXCHRS

TCPHFCHRSa

The Walk

Three night-blooming primroses
opening together on the instant
defining yellow,splitting that
benchmark in my mind

›P and above all of this ›@
›P fine thought,blonde ›@
›P loving the blushing telephone. ›@
›P Of tropic dusk her tan,her hair ›@

›P becoming lamplight. One brown hand ›@
›P twirls the rosy chord. ›@
›P Laughter devours the moment. ›@

›P But,then,a scarlet strain along the throat. ›@
›P The twirling slows and stops. ›@
›P And she,for all loveliness,wants. ›@

In the prim morning you can
pick the dead blooms off all right,
the window's blind thrust at light.

But evening ›P's ›@
the beauty of
instants

(as when a she once arrowed,tight-lipped,hooded,
through some ancient wood,
 lush moon smashed in twisted trees above)

›P or another overflows the light with hunger. ›@

TCPHFCHRS It is when
life can be
TCPHFCHRS
briefly of a color of a portion of eternity: a music
bright and dark and urgent beating

primroseprimroseprimroseprimroseprimroseprimrose.

TCPH<CHRS

TCPH<CHRS News @ 6
TCPH<CHRS«
Murder
after dinner
swirls to coffee,

good until the last
dregs: she's
strangled

with her bra
and excrement got
smeared around.

Kilroy's here and there
making All-America,
raping the girl next door,
getting medals and report cards,
jerkling off

the moment
that they freeze
the avalanche to
show the agony.

Electronic truth
just moves him strangely.

Us not at all.
The TV runs on blood.

I just run.

TCPHFCHRS

Ages of Man

TCPHFCHRS3Saint Norbert's would remain. The
rectory doors are opened out to stars now

shimmering past the infinite
globes of rain

on the magnolia. Into the aromas
of the garden Rev-

erend Brill puffs

a ›PCuesta Rey,›@ muses
for a second of the rose-

wood pulpit in the darkened church.

›PGod drifts these stars from such infinities away.›@

Now there's a gap for you! Indeed!

Not this "Generation Gap"...how they prattle on!

The puny, secular man
reinvents the world
by fad.

But try to tell Father Quince--anything.
TCPH~CHRS...No no no! For they were duty-bound to
>Pget them thinking,>@ to promote a dialog,
so-called, >Pwake them up to the seventies!>@
TCPHFCHRSm

It naturally ensuing that young
and old would henceforth seem in sweet-sung
concert at St. Norbert's, ah yes.
And thus it came to pass

that Quince booked ACID ROCK GOD,
or some such mess of patch-
y beards,shudder-
ing lights and flashing, polar chrome.

Brill stood paternally in back
to let Quince handle it, the...music
putting styrofoam cups at some small risk,
his coffee in a shaking, dancing fit.

And when the young persons sang and chanted
he could hardly guess a shattering word of it.
>P(Though now he makes the evening out as sweet>@
>Pamong the stars, the dripping flowers, the smoke >@
>Pfrom his cigar.)>@

What he finally gathered in the trash and blare
was the fact St. Norbert's deserved burning. So
remarked a black youth larger than a bear,
shouting all the amplifiers down. (Their
rushing idiocy of lights to mark our latest fall?
Brill thought.)

Mercifully, a total, final feedback bade

all flee. "Well!" breathed William Cardwell.

His flushed,unbalanced wife upon his arm
they veered at seas of rain.
Well he nor wife would sleep that seething night,
Chiseling out together all the more
than requisite future phonecall to the rectory.

Brill poured himself a cognac
for the chill. Well Cardwells
and their ilk are very like
the kids. Expecting God

to give them candy; gnashing
at the way life served up ashes.

Old Burns breaking him in: >PTheir >@
>Psouls and>@ >Ponly that is our concern. >@ Old ignoramus!

And now Brill needs persevere through Father Quince
and his pronouncements >Pex cathedra>@

as to opaque "systems" and their foggy "inputs"--
TCPHKCHRS- all lurching, presumably with him, through the mush

of media and from out the "uptight" seminary.

God protect us from his fresher advocates in >PTime!>@

>PAnd now remembering his cigar, Most Reverend Brill>@
>Pblows forth a final cloud.>@

>PThrusting through the wash of air he's>@
>Pheading for the catchall shed. He'll get the wax>@
>Pto rub the pulpit in the dark, exquisite church.>@
TCPHFCHRS

TCPH8CHRS Apostrophe to Box
TCPH8CHRS,

O Peacock Brands

Early Foothill

Pomegranates

Produce of the USA

Distributed by Blue Anchor

Sacrament-

O California!
TCPHFCHRS5

TCPH<CHRS

TCPH<CHRS Living Nonsense
TCPH<CHRS

Who can treat the meaning-
lessness? No doctor or priest
telling you you're not

the first, thrusting whatever text

through emptyness of air,that
air where you are first,
Alpha in the hollows

whistling your name. It's
important not to think
because you can never know

what might starve
you out from amidst the
soft white scarves.

As like the weather,it's,than
any idea,something

like a wave comes in
time
or doesn't.

TCPH8CHRS Apostrophe to Box
TCPH8CHRS,

O Peacock Brands
Early Foothill
Pomegranates
Produce of the USA
Distributed by Blue Anchor
Sacrament-

O California!
TCPHxCHRS

TCPHFCHRS
TCPHxCHRS